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Great Allize :

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CHRIST'S

Certain and Sudden

APPEARANCE

TO

JUDGEMENT.

BEING

Serious Considerations on these Four

Things,

Death, Judgment, Heaven,
and Hell.

By Mr. Stevens, Minister.

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T H E
G R E A T A S S I Z E .

HERE is presented, clearly to the eye,
A little world, new made, most gloriously;
To-day here stands proud man, like flowers sprite,
But look to-morrow and he's wither'd quite.

How happily might fallen man have liv'd
For ever, had he not his maker griev'd;
His numerous off-spring never would espy
Thro' that black Curtain of mortality.

Alas! how fast the days of man pass by,
Swifter than weaver's shuttle they do fly;
As soon as death doth end his days, so soon
Man must appear before the great tribune.

Death will no succour to a king afford;
Nor diff'rence make 'twixt beggar and a lord;
Nor beauty, riches, favour shall obtain,
He'll take no bribes to linger out their pain.

Methusalem, you see, by death was told
That die he must, tho' he was ne'er so old:

Like fruit, when almost ripe, storms can it shake,
So youth, when almost man, death may him take.

St. Matthew, chap. 19, ver. 23, 24.

The rich man trusteth to his riches.



And yet, how proud man is this side the grave!

As if he never should an exit have ;

(Yaunting poor worm!) and up-and-down the world

His busy carping thoughts with care is hurl'd.

He's wealthy grown, and proud of bags of treasure,

Trusting in riches, taking all the pleasure

His heart can wish for ; nay, he does controul

The checks of conscience to his precious soul.

Says to himself, Soul, take thine ease, and spend
Thy time in mirth, ne'er think it will have end:
Thus, thus, the sinner does abuse his God,
And chuses vice, instead o'th' virtuous rod.

He swears and damns, and imprecates God's wrath
To strike him dead, but, ah! to die he's loath:
He damns his very soul; were it not just
That God should do so too? and say, Be curst!

Roaring and ranting is his hellish note,
Quaffing so long until his senses float;
Drunk, like a beast, he staggers up and down,
Sleeps like a hog, and is a devil grown.

But oh! if God thus angred, ready be
To say, Thou fool, I do require of thee
Thy soul this night; come, give a just account
To what thy stewardship does now amount.



How dumb and senseless would he stand to see
Hell ready to devour him presently;

Calls to the rocks, and strives to get a place
Therein to hide him from God's angry face.

But yet, suppose God suffers him to live,
Adds mercy unto mercy, and does give
Him yet a longer time of life, and tries
If he'll repent, before death shuts his eyes.

He sees that time runs round like to a wheel,
And wrinkled years upon his brows do steal;
Besides grey hairs on's crazy head do grow,
Scatter'd it lies like to a drift of snow.



A foggy dimness doth his sight assail,
Striking unto his head, his eyes do fail;
His tongue does falter, and his hands do shake,
And with the palsy every limb does quake.

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And with the palsy every limb does quake.

His glass most run, he's even out of breath,
 Ready to yield his life to conquering death;
 Who will no longer favour his old age,
 But is resolved in his death t'engage.

It peeps behind the curtain in his face,
 Then draws the scene, then dreedful is his case;
 His tongue does quiver, and his veins do start,
 Like sticks asunder, nay his very heart

Ceases its motion, with his vitals, soon,
 And now, alas! he's colder than a stone:
 His kinf-folks dear his dying eyes do shut,
 So from his bed, he's in a coffin put.

Thus ends his earthly splendor and his pleasure,
 Wife, children, kinf-folk, and his bags of treasure,
 And left behind, enjoy the same estate,
 A little while, but follow must his fate.

Nay, they're not sure to keep it half a day,
 For death does oft sweep families away;
 The infant's instantly bereav'd of mother,
 Husband from wife, the sister from her brother.

Behold this figure, see the glass does run,
 Therefore repent, before the time is gone,
 Both young and old have this before your eyes,
 You're born to happiness or miseries.

O therefore, wretched man, this very day
 Strive, by repenting tears, to wash away
 Thy sins, and then, no doubt, the Lord will be
 In love and mercy reconcil'd to thee.

St. Matthew, chap. 24, ver. 37, 38.

The manner of Christ's coming at the day of judgement.

Serene, like as the days of Noah were,
So shall the coming of God's son appear;
Eating and drinking men will merry make,
And carnal souls security will take.

And like the thief who cometh in the night,
So will the son of man in glory bright
Come down with numerous angels, and the sound
Of trumpers shrill, whose voice unnerves the ground.

The dead arise, Lord, what a horror here
Is to the wicked? who must strait appear,
And come to judgement. Oh! how this begins
To bring to mind their many wretched sins.

Oh! what sad shrieks they make, and clam'rous cries
To see Hell gaping just before their eyes;
The Heavens to melt away with fervent heat,
The earth a-burning underneath their feet.

St. Matthew, chap. 25, ver. 34.

The blessed state of the godly.

But happy, ever happy! are the sheep
Of Christ, who joy for evermore will keep!
When he shall say to saints, come, come thee, hither,
You of my chosen flock, blest to the father.

The kingdom now enjoy for you prepar'd,
Before the Heav'ns were made or was world rear'd.

Oh! what soul-ravishing sweet news is this,
Angels attend them presently of bliss.

St. Matthew, chap. 25, ver. 41.

The miserable state of the wicked.

But hark! what grief the damned does attend,
Who have no advocate to stand their friend;
Sentence must pass'd be, go, go to dwell,
In fiery burnings in the lake of Hell,

Depart with devils; which did you entice
To hate your Saviour, and cleave to vice;
Go to that everlasting pit, and lie
Howling with fiery fiends perpetually.

Oh! what a wretched sight 'twill be to see
The devils dragging them to misery;
Husbands to see their wives convey'd to bliss,
Whilst they, 'mongst damned, quite salvation miss,

Son from the father, father from the son,
Must parted be in the great day of doom;
Praising of God, and own it to be just
Their own relations are with devils curst.

The godly they to Heaven take their flight,
Whilst wicked take their course to Hell outright.
Lord, let us watch continually, and pray
That we may be prepar'd for that great day.

Give us repentance, that whilst here we live
We may the offers of thy son receive;
Then feed our souls, good God, with thy rich grace,
That we may stand before our Saviour's face.

F I N I S.



